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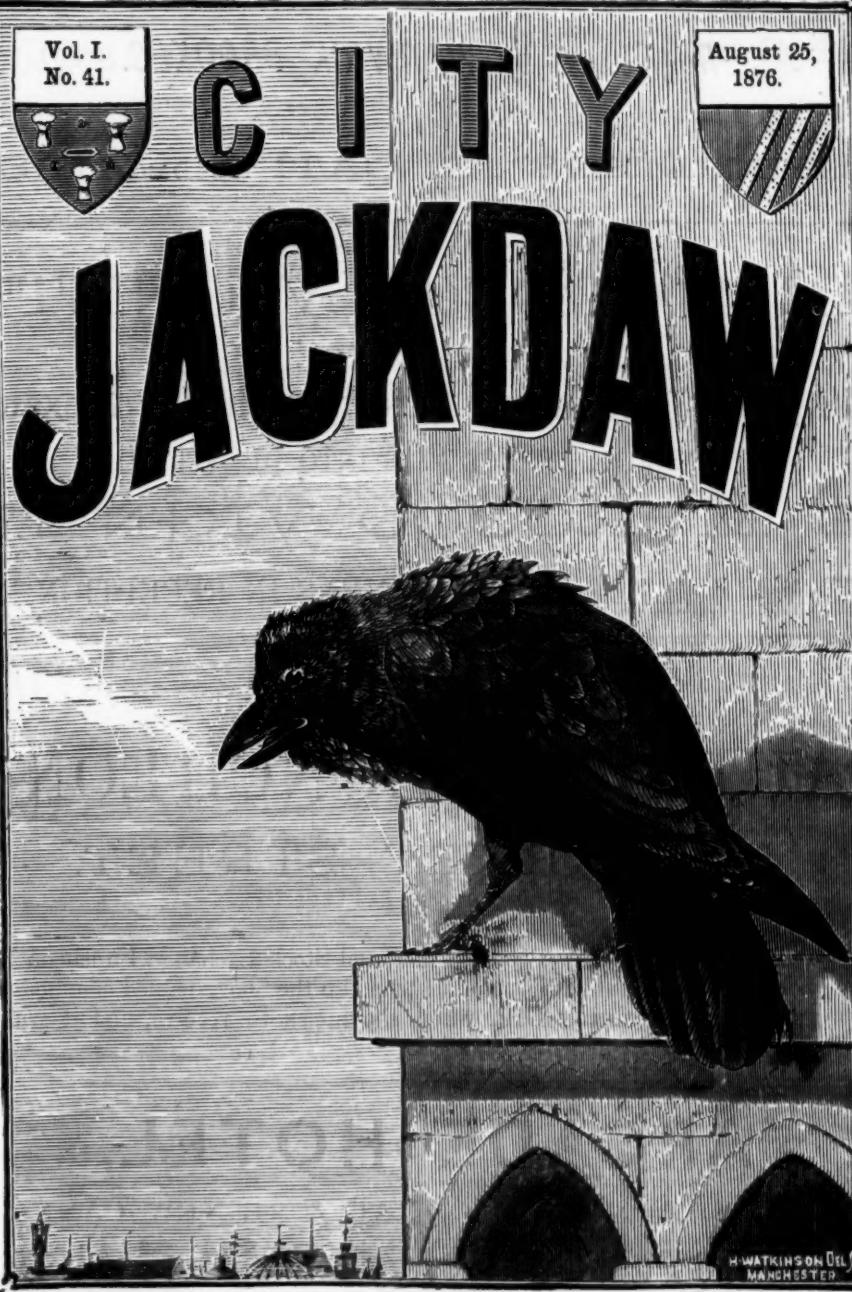
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THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. I.—No. 41.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, AUGUST 25, 1876.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

ROWDY Salford!

ONE is almost sick at heart in taking up his pen on the subject of the horrible brutalities recently committed in Salford, which were culminated in an afflicting tale in Tuesday's daily newspapers. I live in Salford, and have to pass through the greater part of its length on my way from night engagements in Manchester. At midnight on Monday I was arrested in Liverpool Street, midway between Oldfield Road and Cross Lane, by sounds of riot and uproar, which increased upon my advance. By and by, at the end of a side street, I found a man standing, who told me that the crowd of men and women, at that moment were wrangling and "flying" about two hundred yards down the street, had been engaged, "not for five minutes, but for hours!" "What was the row?" He did not know. It happened, and it was best not to interfere. "Where were the police?" Oh, they were never to be found when they were wanted. The old gibe was used with a contemptuous emphasis which gave it the point of bitterness. He advised me not to go down the street, as I should simply get myself into trouble by doing so. As the clamour of voices continued, and louder and louder, varied with an occasional shriek from a woman, or louder than usual or more mouth-filling oath from masculine lips, and accompanied by the constant yelping of dogs, it became impossible for me to hold back. It was a relief to find, after reaching the group, in which there might be twenty or thirty individuals, chiefly women, to find that no one was passing. At least half a dozen were speaking at once in a loud, or rather shrieking at the pitch of their voices; and the names and accusations which were bandied about were of an unmentionable description. The story, as it was told us by a neighbour who was placidly standing in her doorway—and it may be mentioned that many bedroom windows in the street were in the same way occupied by onlookers—was this. A hard-working husband, who "brought home his wages regularly" (this is the sum and test of virtue in such a neighbourhood), had been ruined in pocket and furnishing by a drunken wife, who consumed all he earned at the pothouse, and ran up unaccountable scores whenever she could obtain credit. The bailiffs had been in the house the day before; they were expected again to-morrow. The husband's female relatives were now abusing the woman, and a general row, excited by this, which had been indulged in pretty freely all round, had broken out. Should I interfere? A moment's glance at the furiously excited women, who were cursing and accusing each other, showed me that it would have been madness, unauthorised and unknown as I was, to have offered a word of counsel, and in sadness and in shame I walked away.

Still musing on this degrading and saddening scene, I opened next morning the daily newspapers, which informed me that on the previous day Mr. Higgin, at the Salford Hundred Intermediate Sessions, and Sir John Iles Mantell, at the Borough Police Court, had been occupied all day, the former until ten o'clock at night, in considering cases of assault, some of the most aggravated character, *all of them committed in Salford*. We transfer, without comment, the headings given to one of our contemporaries to the long string of paragraphs, which make up its reports of the proceedings on the last day of the sessions:—

DIGITAL ASSAULT IN Salford: MALICIOUSLY WOUNDING WITH A KNIFE.
A KICKING CASE IN LOWER BROUGHTON.

SERIOUS CASE OF STABBING IN PENDLETON.

KNOCKING A MAN'S EYE OUT IN Salford.

ASSAULT WITH A POKER IN Salford.

BREAKING A WOMAN'S JAW IN PENDLETON.

ASSAULT UPON Salford POLICE CONSTABLES.

ANOTHER ASSAULT ON THE POLICE IN Salford.

There is a table of crime which, properly displayed, would do no discredit to the contents bill of the *Police News*, which rakes together and carefully tells the essence of all the most horrible crimes committed weekly in the United Kingdom. It may be said that we are making too much of a sessions report, and that these trials represent crimes which in our commission were distributed over a long period. Yes; but the list

we have reprinted was furnished in one day's report of three days sessions, and the sessions were intermediate—or, in other words, the crimes of which we had spoken accumulated in six weeks. These were not the only Salford cases tried by Mr. Higgin. Let our readers picture to their minds the state of things suggested by the following passage from his charge to the grand jury:—

"It was also found that they (crimes of violence) were increasing with such rapidity in the borough of Salford as to make even the most thoughtless consider what remedy ought to be applied in order to put a stop to so gross a state of things as seemed to obtain there. He had had sent to him that morning a statement showing the comparison in numbers between the prisoners who were had up before the magistrates in the borough of Salford of one month in the year 1875, and the corresponding month of the present year. He found from the 15th July to the 15th August, 1875, there were no less than 604 persons charged before the magistrates with having committed various offences against the law. That would seem to be an alarming state of things, but it was still more dreadful when they came to consider what the return was for the corresponding month of this year, because, between the 15th July and 15th August, 1876, the number had swollen from 604 to 894, showing an increase of 290 persons."

Let us turn, also, to the proceedings in the second court of the sessions, on Monday.—*Mem.* It was an intermediate sessions, and a second court was necessary. The following sentences were passed:—

Henry M'Kay, labourer, wounding Sarah Ogden, at Salford.—Two years' imprisonment.

John Purcell, unlawfully wounding George Bottomley, at Salford.—Fifteen months.

Catherine Flynn, unlawfully wounding Mary Agnew, at Salford.—Fifteen months.

Eliza Pears, wounding Jane Taylor, at Salford.—Nine months.

Ann Kearns, for striking Mary Maguire with a clog, at Salford.—Nine months.

Betty Carpenter, unlawfully wounding Sarah Brown, at Salford.—Six months.

Jonas Wolstencroft, unlawfully wounding, at Salford.—Acquitted.

It would be an interesting inquiry which would declare—apart from the individual suffering which has been inflicted upon those who have been maliciously or unlawfully wounded, or kicked, or beaten with clubs, or mauled with pokers, or cut with knives—how much the ratepayers of Salford have got to pay for the maintenance in prison of these kickers, strikers, and stabbers.

But the tale is not yet complete. The borough stipendiary had a full day's work on Monday. Here are a few selections from the police proceedings that day:—

Joseph M'Kie, violent assault upon a youth in the Adelphi.—Committed to the sessions.

William Jordan, violent assault in Whit Lane.—Committed to sessions. Bail refused.

John Whittle, fitter, kicking in the abdomen without provocation.—Two months' imprisonment.

William West, a volunteer, assault upon a woman with a bayonet scabbard.—To find sureties for good behaviour.

William Lacy, stabbing a boy.—Committed to the quarter sessions.

This was a pretty good day's work for Sir John Iles Mantell. On Tuesday, several fresh cases—one of the most aggravated type, in which a young woman, infuriated by drinking, threw a succession of lethal weapons in reckless profusion at the head of a neighbour, who had befriended and sheltered her—were disposed of in a similar way; and we have every reason to believe that the next quarter sessions will show as disgraceful a calendar from Salford as the one just ended. Where is the scandal to end? In every case we have mentioned, drink was the primary or aggravating cause of the mischief that was done. The Salford magistrates will sit in licensing sessions this week, to grant or refuse a list of applications for renewals and extensions of many old licenses, and the issue of some new ones. We are not fanatical on the subject of licenses, but in the present state of the borough, the magistrates, we are assured, will require the presentation of a strong case before they consent to any extension of the drink system. A word to the wise is enough.

RITUALISM IN THE ASCENDANT!

WE have particular pleasure in calling the attention of the Pothouse Protestants of Manchester to a little news which we know will frightfully disconcert them. As nearly everybody who has attended the Church Congress is aware, the managing committee have the power to select representatives from different districts, to read papers or to make speeches—in fact, to represent their district at the Congress. Well, we have it on the highest authority that the four gentlemen who have been invited from the Manchester district to attend the Church Congress, at Plymouth, in October, are the Dean, the Rev. Knox Little, Dr. Marshall, and Mr. Leresche. We can almost hear the lamentation and weeping of the very Broad Churchmen at this announcement, but it is true, nevertheless, although it may look like chaff!

HALF-HOURS WITH MY MOTHER-IN-LAW.—No. VIII.

[BY CLAUDE HENPECK, ESQ.]

SCENE.—*The breakfast table at Bantam Villa. Mrs. Motherington speaks.*

WHAT'S the matter with Bobby, the child has eaten no breakfast? *He has had plenty?* Of course, you contradict, but you are only his parent; I cannot expect you to see things with my eyes. *You don't want to?* I should like to know what you mean by that, and by that expression of countenance. *You can't help your face?* No, I suppose not, nor your temper either. I don't wonder at your being out of sorts after last night. The worst of it is the children suffer after these entertainments; what with late hours and unwholesome — *I arranged it, and provided everything?* It is handsome of you to throw that in my face. I did not arrange for you and your friends to drink two bottles of whiskey, and pollute the curtains with tobacco. A dose of globules all round will set the children all right; they don't suffer from intoxicating liquors and tobacco. *A dose of fiddlesticks?* Mr. Henpeck, if you must speak scornfully of the simple remedies, I beg you will refrain in the presence of those darlings. *Where is my case?* *It can't do any harm, and there's nothing the matter with them?* As to doing no harm, I suppose I am the best judge; and I am sure, after last night's doings — *What did they do?* You were too much occupied with your friends and your ardent spirits and pipes, but I saw, and it made me wretched. *I seemed very jolly!* A coarse, vulgar expression, indeed; but you naturally object to anybody being in spirits except yourself. *I drank the baby's health with you?* I know that I did, sir; I don't need to be reminded of what happened overnight. *Nor do you?* No, you would be glad if I were to hold my tongue. *You would!* Leave the table, child. *What did he do?* He laughed, though I don't see anything to laugh at. They are all giggling. Upon my word, this is a pretty way of bringing up a family. *I will make myself ridiculous?* Now, Mr. Henpeck, I shall leave the table, and you may be thankful if I do not leave the house. *I am always talking of it?* Scandalous! Do you forget that I am the grandmother of these children? If you do, I shall take care that you don't. Now, you are muttering something. Emma, I must ask you to speak to your husband. *What are you to say to him?* What any child of proper feeling would say to him, of course. *What has he done?* If you take his part, I have nothing more to say. *I sometimes say too much?* Wicked, wicked child! Well, we must expect it, the Bible says so. "Oh! it is sharper than a toothless" — And me sitting up night after night to let him in, and never telling you. I hope it won't come back to you through your children. Oh, it's all very well for you to make signals, Mr. Henpeck, but I shall tell all, sir, all. My child little knew what I went through at that time, but I daresay you can explain where you were night after night, only the children had better — After that expression I shall leave the house. Emma, my medicine case.

[She is still with us, ease and all.—C. H.]

THE KANGAROO.

[BY A LOVER OF NATURE.]

THIS is a beast which it behoves
That I should say I've seen in droves;
They're very common in the Bush,
And I have ate them at a push.

And then the " Novice " sang, " Hooroo,
Just look, there goes a kangaroo—
The very beast of which we speak—
Ah, now it's gone across the creek."

" My friend," says I, in anger, " who
Could not observe a kangaroo?
You seem to argue, by your cries,
That none but you can use their eyes.

" I really wish you wouldn't shout
Like that—what can you be about?
Perhaps you'll kindly bear in mind
That I am neither deaf nor blind.

" And as to saying, as you do,
That you have eaten kangaroo,
It is an easy thing to say;
But still, how did you catch them, pray?"

The " Novice " blushed a bit, and sighed,
And then to change the subject tried;
Says he, " That pouch that they have got
Is very funny, is it not ?

" For when," says he, " the parents fear
That danger to their young is near,
They call those young"—says I, " They may,
But from the subject now you stray."

" Not so," says he; says I, " You do;
How did you catch that kangaroo,
Upon the which you say you dined
When other food you could not find ?

" For while around the hut they scamper
You're satisfied with beef and damper;
Instead of such provisions crust
The kangaroo you might eat first."

Says he, " Not scamper, for the word
As you apply it is absurd;
To be correct just condescend,
They hop upon their hinder end.

" Upon their hinder legs they hop"—
Says I, " Excuse me if I stop
The flow of your remarks, but how
You caught them, is the question now."

Says he, " The tail is much esteemed
For making soup—in fact, it's deemed
The choicest morsel of the beast;
I think it so myself, at least.

" The tails of the marsupial group
Are very good for making soup"—
Says I, " But how, I'd like to know,
Entrap the beasts on which they grow?"

Says he, " But let us speak again
About the pouch—upon the plain
The other day I saw one bound,
With all her little ones around.

" Though for the old one not a match,
I thought a little one I'd catch,
Forgetting Nature—hang her!—who
Has furnished thus the kangaroo.

" For all the young—for this I'll vouch—
Were safely stowed within the pouch;
Away the wary old one bounded,
And left me netted and astounded."

Says I, " I don't believe that you
Have ever eaten kangaroo;
'Tis very well to say you ate it,
But how the dickens did you get it?

" You should not tell such lies as those"—
Says he, " I'd tell you if I chose;
But your remarks are getting rude,
So now the subject we'll conclude."

"Gloria," 8 for 2s 6d. Best Havanna Cigars—really choice. Smokers' Requisites of every

THE "SLEDDED POLACKS."

MR. GEORGE MACDONALD contributes a somewhat thin article to the August number of *Macmillan* on the character of the Elder Hamlet (meaning thereby the Ghost), in which he appears to us to adopt or fall into a strange blunder. Moralising on the appearance of the Ghost in contrast with the Elder Hamlet as he lived and reigned, he asks the question—

"Where, now, is the loaded axe with which, in angry dispute, he smote the ice at his feet, that cracked to the blow?"

This is doubtless a very fine effort of imagination, and the last stroke, "that cracked to the blow," is particularly admirable! Only we should like to know Mr. Macdonald's authority for his statement. The passage in which the reference to the "loaded axe" is founded is doubtless the following, in which Horatio describes, in answer to the questioning of Marcellus, the appearance of the Ghost:—

Marcellus. Is it not like the King?
Horatio. As thou art to thyself!
 Such was the very armour he had on
 When he the ambitious Norway combated;
 So frowned he once, when, in an angry parle,
 He smote the sledded Polacks on the ice.

The mistake into which Mr. Macdonald has stumbled is one into which a playgoer, who had never read Shakspere, might naturally enough make—the last line, as it is usually pronounced on the stage, sounding exactly as if the actor said—

He smote the sledded poleaxe on the ice.

But from a Shaksperean critic we should expect something better than a vulgar error like this. If Mr. Macdonald would condescend to draw upon the text, and not upon his imagination, for his facts, it might

"Frae mony a blunder free him,
 And foolish notion."

The meaning of "the sledded Polacks" is obvious enough. Knight almost needlessly explains in a note that they were Poles—used as a generic term for the inhabitants of the northern shores of Germany, with whom the sea kings of Denmark and Norway were often at war. There are other references to the Polack in "Hamlet," which are necessary to be read and understood so as fully to appreciate the state of Denmark at the time described in the play. Thus says the pourtier Voltimand to King Claudius on his return from an embassy to the King of Norway:—

The King. Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway?
Voltimand. Most fair returns of greetings and desires.
 Upon our first, he sent out to suppress
 His nephew's levies, which to him appeared
 To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack;
 But better looked into he truly found
 It was against your highness: Whereat grieved—
 That so his sickness, age, and impotence
 Was falsely borne in hand—sends out arrests
 On Fontinbras, which he, in brief, obeys;
 Receives rebuke from Norway; and in fine
 Makes vow before his uncle, never more,
 To give the assay of arms against your majesty.
 Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,
 Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee,
 And his commission to employ these soldiers,
 So levied as before, against the Polack.

The habitat of the Polack is distinctly intimated in the concluding passage of Voltimand's speech:—

With an entreaty, herein further shown [gives a paper],
 That it may please you to give quiet pass
 Through your dominions for his enterprise.

And his identity is fully established by the passage in the fourth scene of the fourth act, "A Plain in Denmark," which being crossed by Fontinbras and his forces under the observation of Hamlet, the Prince questions a captain of Fontinbras' army as to its purpose and destination, and is thus answered:—

Captain. Against some part of Poland.
Hamlet. Gose it against the main of Poland, sir,
 Or some frontier?
Captain. Truly to speak, and with no addition,
 We go to gain a little patch of ground,
 That hath in it no profit but the name,
 To pay five ducats fine, I would not farm it.
 Nor will it yield to Norway, or the Pole,
 A ranker rate, should it be held in fee.

Hamlet. Why, then the Polack never will defend it.

In the sad closing scene, the dying moments of Hamlet are disturbed, and his last words are drowned, by the roar of cannon without, and he asks—

What warlike noise is that?

Osric replies—

Young Fontinbras, with conquest came from Poland,
 To the ambassadors of England gives
 This warlike volley.

Horatio afterwards addresses Fontinbras—

You from the Polack wars!

After these numerous references there can remain no doubt in the mind of the careful reader as to what "the sledded Polack" means. But it so happens that the scenes in which these references occur are usually omitted in the representation of the tragedy, and hence, perhaps, Mr. Macdonald's oversight.

Let us contrast, for a moment, the two pictures presented respectively by Shakspere and Macdonald:—

"Where is now the loaded axe with which, in angry dispute, he smote the ice at his feet, that cracked to the blow?"

We have here a king in angry dispute (with whom we are left in total ignorance), raising his poleaxe in ungovernable rage, and dashing it purposelessly on the ice, making stars and concentric rings on the thick pavement, and doubtless brought to rue his childish outbreak of passion as every bone, muscle, and sinew in his arm tingles with the pain sent back by the violent concussion of the blow on an infangible body. On the other hand, Shakspere's line—

He smote the sledded Polacks on the ice—

calls up to our eyes in eight words at once an exhibition of martial prowess and dexterity, and an illustration of a mode of warfare peculiar to the icebound northern seas.

DIALOGUES OF THE DAY.

SCENE I.—*The Bishop of SALFORD's house. Sunday, after dinner.*

Dr. Manning. Well, and how are you prospering in Salford, Vaughan?

Dr. Vaughan. Oh, first rate. Can't you judge for yourself?

Dr. Manning. Oh, yes, to be sure I can; it's not everybody who can get the Mayor of Salford, who is a Nonconformist, to go to the Catholic Cathedral on a Sunday, and afterwards dine with the Bishop of Salford.

Dr. Vaughan. Hush! or he may hear you. By the way, Mr. Mayor, the Cardinal will drink wine with you.

The Mayor of Salford [from other end of table]. Delighted to—
 [Under his breath.] Well, Gadd told me the Cardinal was a sworn teetotaler. I suppose he only takes wine to keep up his strength.

Sir John Iles Mantell [overhearing]. Of course he does; so do we all.

SCENE II.—*The Town Hall Steps, Manchester. The Mayor and Alderman KING, meeting.*

The Mayor. Seen the papers this morning, King?

Alderman Curtis. Yes!

The Mayor. Anything in them?

Alderman King. Well, somebody has found out that the proper name of the old clothes market, in Oak Street, was "City Hall," and is now known as the Crib.

The Mayor. Ah, that Oak's won't do! Ta! ta! [Exit.]

Alderman King. Won't it? Wait till the next Council meeting, and we'll see.

SCENE III.—*The wing at the Prince's Theatre.*

Romeo. Ain't it hot?

Mercutio. Frightfully! Do you think Shakspere ever contemplated blank verse being spouted to a crowded audience, with the heat at a roasting pitch?

Romeo. Well, hardly. But do you think he ever conceived the idea of an iced soda and brandy as a cool and refreshing drink?

Mercutio. Ah, my prince of robbers, I'll take the hint, and stand after Tybalt has run me through.

Romeo. Holloa! there's Taylor got up as the apothecary.

Mercutio. Would that a pot he carried of beer!

description, at 66, Market Street, and 32, Victoria Street.—T. R. WITHECOMB, Proprietor.

23rd August 1876. Printed by T. R. WITHECOMB, 32, Victoria Street, Manchester.



AMUSEMENTS.

PRINCE'S.—Miss NEILSON as ISABELLA in "MEASURE FOR MEASURE."

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, BELLE VUE.—Open for the Season. Attraction of the Season, Messrs. Dawson and Sons' Magnificent Daylight Picture of the IMPERIAL CITY OF CALCUTTA, capital of the British Empire in India. Every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday, at dusk, during the season, will be represented the grand spectacle of the Reception of the PRINCE OF WALES IN INDIA, concluding with a Brilliant Display of Fireworks. The Military band of the Gardens in attendance every day from two p.m. The great collection of living animals and birds always on view. Pleasure boats and steamers ply on the great lakes, which are upwards of eight acres in extent. Conservatories, Foyers, Museum, Mazes, Steam Horses, Velocipedes, etc. Admission, 6d. each; Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays, 1s. each after four p.m.

COMPSTALL GARDENS AND BOWLING GREEN, MARPLE. Special Arrangements have been made with the Railway Companies for CHEAP FARES on Wednesdays and Saturdays, as follows:—From Manchester, on Wednesdays, at 2 25 p.m.; on Saturdays, at 1 20 and 2 25 p.m. Returning from Marple at 6 0, 7 0, 8 15, 8 50, and 9 40 for Manchester. Fares to Marple and back, third class, including admission to the Gardens, 1s. 2d. Ordinary admission, 3d.

PEOPLE'S CONCERT HALL, LOWER MOSLEY STREET. Monday, August 28, and During the Week. Engagement of Mr. HARRY RICKARDS. Rickards' combination: Madlle. LOTTIE D'ANTE, Madlle. KATRINI, and Mons. FRANK ANGEL. Engagement of Messrs. FOTHERGILL & JOHNSON, Messrs. BROWN & BRYDGE. First appearance of Mr. TOM VINE. Great success of Mr. J. WYNNE.

THE GREAT ANTIQUARIAN RELIC.—This greatest of wonders is in the Giant Form of a Man over Twelve Feet in Height, having Six Toes on one foot, but otherwise anatomically perfect. It was taken from the ground in County Antrim, Ireland, in January last. Is now on exhibition at No. 12, St. Ann's Square. Ladies as well as gentlemen should not fail to see it. Admission, one shilling; children, half-price. Open from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m.

NICHOLSON TESTIMONIAL FUND.—Subscriptions in aid of this fund may be transmitted or paid to Mr. Edward Wills, Treasurer, 36, Faulkner Street, Manchester. N. C. UNDERWOOD, Hon. Sec. Committee Rooms, 10, Temple Chambers, 4, St. James's Square, Manchester.

OYSTERS, OYSTERS, OYSTERS.—Best London Natives and Seconds. W. THOMPSON, 3, Spring Gardens; receives a daily supply.

WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.

THAT the King of Holland has nominated Mr. De Jong a Knight of the Order of the Oaken Crown.

That this was the nearest approach he could get to the order of wooden heads.

That the reason why Sir John Iles Mantell knew the policeman, who swore to the wrong man, was a Dutchman, was because he so frequently exclaimed "Donner and Blitzen" when he heard the magistrate's wise saws.

That dancing at the Irish *fête* was a Cardinal (Manning) virtue.

That the Cardinal didn't dance, because there was something the matter with his corns.

That when Mr. Gladstone remarked that Manchester was the most musical place in Lancashire, he referred to the Town Clerk pulling the long bow so often.

That he has also heard that most buyers on 'Change blow their own trumpets.

That Alderman Bake wanted to sit to Mr. Banks for his photograph on a cabby's box.

That he was told that if he did so, the portrait could only be done in cabbynet form.

That the tailors of Manchester are going to see "Measure for Measure," at the Prince's.

That at the inspection of the Second Manchester, the nine men who were stated to be absent without leave were kept at home by their wives to help to mind the children.

That Captain Bolton says they deserve corporal punishment.

That the silly season accounts for the paragraph in the newspapers about a whale swallowing a herring-net.

That we'll next be hearing of a herring swallowing a whale—or trying to.

That a distinguished sporting man, who won heavily on the Yorkshire Handicap, went home just slightly in-Ebor-iated.

RETRIBUTION.

[AFTER HEINE.]

SIMITH, Jones, and Robinson were friends, .
And I foretold, for all, bad ends,
They were such wicked men.
The retribution now I'll sum,
Which on the three at last has come,
As I predicted then.

For Smith, while I as yet was young,
For killing Robinson was hung—
They were a guilty pair;
And Jones, of Owens College made
Professor, in a gown arrayed,
Is still professor there.

A DUTCH POLICEMAN'S MISTAKE.

THE Salford police force has been honoured for some time past by having within its ranks the substantial and portly form of a veritable Dutchman. What the Dutchman's ancestors were called, whether they were Van Trumps or Van Duncks, we know not; but the officer's name in Salford was Mitchell, and we have the authority of the newspapers for saying he was a Dutchman. Mitchell, in the Salford Police Court, on Friday last, distinguished himself, which is not an uncommon thing for a policeman to do. It wasn't certainly a very brilliant action that he did, but it will no doubt gain him some notoriety, and we at least hope to get quoted in a Holland newspaper or two, or we wouldn't have touched the subject. Mitchell had locked up a prisoner for drunkenness, and when another prisoner was called into the dock before Sir John Iles Mantell, of quite a different name, the policeman of Dutch extraction stepped into the witness-box, and without looking at his prisoner, proceeded with his charge, apparently as self-possessed as if he had been told that "the Dutch had taken Holland." The prisoner avowed he knew nothing of the charge, and was ordered by Sir John Iles Mantell to be imprisoned for one month. And now we quote the newspaper report. "Before the prisoner left the dock, however, it was seen that a mistake had been made, and Detective-Sergeant Kirk asked Mitchell whether McConey was 'the right man.'—Mitchell (who is a Dutchman): Do, he is dot ze wight man.—Sir J. I. Mantell, addressing the officer, said he had committed a most serious mistake.—Mitchell: It eez dot my volt, it eez de eensbector's volt.—Sir J. I. Mantell: Why don't you keep your eyes open? I am disgusted with you. Your conduct is atrocious, and I hope it will be represented to the Chief-constable." My dear Sir John, why get so indignant? It's not the first time that a policeman has sworn to the wrong man; indeed, some folks go so far as to say that not only do the

E. JAMIESON & Co., Fashionable Tailors.—Business Suits £1. 12s., Scotch Tweed Suits £2.

police sometimes swear against the wrong man, but they lock the wrong man up, too. But then, see the example that's set them. Only the other day, this veritable Dutchman, Sir John, heard a magistrate, who ought to be distinguished for his knowledge of the law, admit that he "must look (mark the word) into the authorities, because he wasn't sure something he had done before was right." So, Sir John, don't be so hard upon the poor Dutchman. Have a little compassion, Sir John, for you know

To err is human,
Even in a stipendiary.

[Mustn't the reporter have been a Dutchman, too, to report in such capital Dutch.]

LITERATURE.

[BY AN UNDAUNTED ONE.]

MY hat has got a hole in it,
My linen is forlorn;
My clothes are old, and will not fit,
And most of them are torn.
I don't possess a single "brown"
To jingle in my pouch;
The vulgar jeer me in the town
As up and down I slouch.
I seldom have enough to eat,
I starve from day to day;
I bought some winkles in the street,
And ate them yesterday.
My landlady assails me sore,
As well, indeed, she may;
She says she'll turn me from the door,
Because I cannot pay.
And yet, through all this list of woes,
By thinking I'm consoled,
That I am on the list of those
In Helicon enrolled.
I take the list, and scan it down,
And as the list I scan,
I feel myself, though fortune frown,
A literary man.

A RIVINGTON "PIKE" ON THE BISHOP OF MANCHESTER.

THE good people of the parish of Rivington rejoice in having for their pastor a witty vicar. The reverend gentleman, who was called upon at a luncheon in connection with the Chorley Agricultural Show, held on Wednesday, responded to the toast of the "Bishop and Clergy of the Diocese," and in the course of his remarks thus spoke of his Diocesan: "We all of us know how active our Bishop is. The only fault I have to find with him is that he is a bachelor bishop. (Laughter). A bachelor bishop is a very rare thing indeed. (Laughter.) There are only two bishops in England, that I know of, who are not married; but it is generally understood that one of them is shortly to lead to the 'Temple' of Hymen a lady. (Cheers.) Of course, our own good Bishop has a right to please himself; and," added the vicar, "so have I." (Cheers and laughter.)

ALDERMAN BAKE SITS FOR HIS PORTRAIT.

WE are awfully fond of having a joke at the expense of Alderman Bake, but we are bound to say that our conscience begins to misgrieve us. After all we have said, the worthy alderman appears to be as jovial as ever, and neither the chaff of the cabmen, or the blunter sayings of ourselves, seem to do him the slightest harm. We have just had an opportunity of seeing a picture, which shows that the alderman is, after all, proud of his connection with the Corporation. He's had his portrait taken by Mr. Banks, on an enlarged size, and a wonderfully clever likeness it is. The colouring is exceedingly fine. Mr. Bake is attired in his robes, and looks the very embodiment of a full-blown representative alderman,

who likes good living, is fond of a joke, and is just a little bit horsey. We can't help thinking that the other aldermen will be bound to follow suit—we mean, of course, to put on the aldermanic suit, and have their portraits taken also. To those who care to see the portrait of a gentleman who has been so generally abused, we may state that the portrait in question is on view in the window of Mr. Jacob Casper, in Market Street. It is just possible that a deputation of cabmen may wait upon the worthy alderman, and request him to present it to them, and in the event of his complying, it will be hung up in the cabmen's shelter.

TAKING THE PLEDGE.

We do not want to throw contempt on the temperance movement, as we believe it is doing a grand work, but we give the following for what it is worth:—

SCENE I.—*Abbey Hey Grounds, Saturday.* Cardinal MANNING administering the pledge.

Cardinal Manning. And Barney O'Flannagan, ye rascal, have you been breaking the pledge again?

Barney O'Flannagan. And is it the plidge your Immincence is talking of? Sure, now, and if you'll let me swear agin, I'll never break the plidge at all, at all. I wouldn't, for sure, 'ave broken it, but, by my sowl, it's awfully comforting to 'ave a dhrop of the cratur when you're made the father of twins—jist in the way of a plidge of affection.

SCENE II.—*Salford Police Court.*

Sir John Iles Mantell. What! Here again?

Barney O'Flannagan. Sure, now, and your worship should let me off this time. I took the plidge on Saturday, but we christened the twins on Sunday, and bedad the occasion was too much for me.

Sir John. Five shillings and costs.

NOTHING IN THE PAPERS.

SHORTLY we shall have an opportunity of seeing a few paragraphs of the following nature in the newspapers, owing to the dearth of general news of an interesting character:—

A LARGE CUCUMBER.—We have just had an opportunity of seeing an enormous cucumber, which measures around at its narrowest point seven and a half inches. The cucumber was brought to our office, was cut up by the editor, peppered by the sub-editor, salted by the reporter, and then thrown out of the window by our P. D.—N.B. Contributions of a like kind are solicited.

A BIG GOOSEBERRY.—An elderly lady, who is cook at a gentleman's in Hulme, presented herself at our establishment with a large well-made pie, which she said contained only one gooseberry. We did not like to say we didn't believe her, but seven of our clerks are now suffering from the effects of eating ripe fruit.

THE SEA SERPENT AGAIN.—A Manchester gentleman, now resident at Blackpool, avers that on Tuesday night last he had a distinct view of the sea serpent near the Blackpool promenade. He told his landlord about it on getting home, who advised him to get to bed as early as possible, or he might disturb the other lodgers.

A MUSHROOM.—A mushroom is now on view at the flower market. Had it gone on growing, three men might have probably stood under it in a shower. Fortunately it was cut down before attaining those proportions.

"ALIQUANDO DORMITAT HOMERUS."—An esteemed clerical correspondent calls our attention to the circumstance that the *Examiner and Times*, a few days ago, printed some interesting observations on the atmospheric conditions of Cadiz and Cordova, under the heading, "Extraordinary Heat in Portugal."

DEBASING SHAKSPERE.

BY several playgoer correspondents, who profess to have been moved to indignation by such articles as "Macbeth on the Spree," and "Romeo as a Robber," we have been accused of debasing Shakspere, and endeavouring to make the drama ridiculous. If we are open to this charge we have some excuse in the great dramatist's own practice. Do we not find, for example, that he puts in the mouth of the sweetest and most poetical of all his romantic characters, the "heavenly Rosalind," this very prosaic, whimsical, and sceptical travesty of romantic heroic poetry: "The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own name, videlicet, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club, yet he did what he could to die before; and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander! he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and being taken with the cramp was drowned; and the foolish chroniclers (coroners?) of that age found it was—Hero of Sestos. But these are all lies." Henceforth, however, in respect for Shaksperean Puritans, we shall write no travesties of poetry or the drama save such as would be justified by the Romean vein, which, according to Mercutio, would have cast the heroines of old romance, thus—

DIDO.....A dowdy. HELEN.....A hilding.
CLEOPATRA.....A gipsy. HERO.....A harlot.

SERMONS IN VEGETABLES.

[BY A LOVER OF NATURE.]

ON A BEAN.

FOR the purpose of the present discourse, the vegetable under notice is taken to be the emblem of good luck. Now, this may seem to be backhanded figure of speech, inasmuch as that the clodhopper considers himself to be lucky if he be provided with bacon to his beans, considering the latter, indeed, not in the light of a luxury at all, when alone, but as a mess unsavoury though wholesome, by the use whereof, in default of anything better, he keeps body and soul together. On the other hand, however, it is to be considered that beans and bacon, though not an aristocratic dish, is one which occasionally finds rare savour for the palate even of the epicure, who borrows the dish from the pumpkin as a welcome change from richer and rarer meats, and who would not esteem the bacon as good meat unaccompanied by the humble fruit of the earth. In making the bean, however, an emblem of good luck, I had other matter in view, and all that has as yet passed may be taken as a kind of playful introduction. It is recorded in the *Chronicles of Fabledom* (which, between you and me, have more honest truth in them than many histories authentic) that a youth once went to market to sell a cow, and being met on the way by a fairy—a horrid old harridan to look at, as all good fairies are—was persuaded to sell his cow for a bean, for which act of commerce he was very much abused by his grandmother, to whom the cow belonged. This part of the fable I would by no means set up as a moral, but then just as all histories have some truth in them, so the most beautiful of moral tales possess some phase or other, existing doubtless as an exercise to the higher faculties, which the intelligent will take for what it is worth. Everybody thought this youth was a fool for making the bargain, but see what came of it. He planted it in the garden, and it grew up clean out of sight somewhere, forming a convenient ladder, whereby Jack was enabled to ascend to upper regions where he fought giants and ogres, delivered captive maidens, lived happy ever afterwards, and had his name handed down to posterity in hideous picture-books and otherwise. Now, perhaps you will begin to perceive the drift of this sermon. Supposing Jack had not trafficked for that bean, where would he have been? Supposing he had neglected to plant it, or had been afraid to climb the stalk. Now comes the application to all of us. Once

in our lives at least comes a fairy if you like, or whatever else you may please to call her, offering a bean of good luck. The poorest, and shabbiest, and meanest of men has at least one chance of slaying giants and delivering virgins, or of doing something equally nice and praiseworthy. Whether some of us get more than one chance is a matter which has caused some reflection to many philosophers. Shakspere, who was a philosopher occasionally, seems to think that the chance comes but once. The matter must remain open; but woe to the man who neglects the first chance in the belief that another may come to him hereafter. I am of opinion that when there come to a man two magic beans of good luck the incident is an affair of pure accident, for there are accidents even in Fairyland, or in such matters as the distribution of beans. Some people, perhaps, will say that they don't care about killing giants, delivering maidens, and such like. These are unaware that there is no better meat than a dead giant or hobgoblin, and that imprisoned virgins usually have large dowers. It is rather sad to reflect, though, how many magic beans have been rejected or misused here and there, and from time to time, by dull or careless humanity; and with a hope that our opportunity will not be allowed to slip, or that some of us may get another chance, this sermon shall finish.

RURALIZING.

[BY A NOVICE.]

OUT! dull mem'ries of the town,
Envy thou the happy clown,
Whom, while he tills
The fields, the trees and rills
Delight with Nature's music—happy hind!
Whose lot has thus been framed by Nature kind;
Then ruralize like me
If you would truly happy be.

Here the sportive shadows flit
'Neath the oak-tree where I sit;
In sun and shade
I roam the leafy glade,
Where voice of birds is sad and sweet,
Who late was mazed in busy street
'Mid city's eager strife
For money—city's life!

Here for money who would care?
Money is the city's snare,
Tempting men
To sordid city's pen.
To care, ill health, and all there is of base;
The while it's votaries blinded in the chase,
In Plutus' haunt
Grow pale and gaunt.

Thus in rustic haunts I muse,
And a city life abuse,
For I know
Alone by doing so
My mind arrives at being reconciled
To body banished from the scene reviled,
And think that I am wise
Thus to philosophise.

RAILWAY DEFINITIONS AND AXIOMS.

WHEN two trains containing passengers come together on the same line, the latter are sure to get the worst of it.

A goods train is a train placed in front of another to obstruct its progress.

The absolute block system is that whereby trains are occasionally, and under certain conditions, allowed to come together on the same line.

If one train runs into another, the safest place for passengers is at the further end of the train run into.

As it is difficult to ascertain which way the colliding train is coming, the middle of the train is usually the safest.

An exception to this rule must be made in the case, which frequently happens, of one train cutting another in two at a crossing.

A signalman is a person who sleeps on the spot, so as to secure the proper proportion of accidents on each line.

A passenger is a person who is forbidden to leave the train while in motion.

An engine driver is a person who jumps from his engine immediately before a collision.

A railway accident is a happy combination of some of the above circumstances.

Cheap excursion tickets are issued subject to the above.

RHYMES WITHOUT REASON.

NEW GUIDE TO NOMENCLATURE.

Let any one pronounce the word "city," and listen to himself in doing so. After making the experiment he will probably confess that to the best of his knowledge there are not two more inharmonious syllables in the English language. They are not only inharmonious, but also insignificant. See what words rhyme with it, and what ideas those words represent. They are nearly all expressive of something thin or diminutive.—*Leading Article in the "Examiner and Times" on the Town Hall Question.*

CITY.

THOUGH neither wise nor witty,
I shall write a little ditty
To preserve the name of city
For the Hall we've built.

Your "Town" Hall sounds harsh and gritty;
And 'twould be so nice and pretty
To ask my darling Kitty
To the Hall we've built.

Now, won't it be a pity,
Showing mental obliquity,
Not to give the name of city
To the Hall we've built.

French wines would never mitigate
My woes in such a situation.
[ED.—This won't fit—eh?] Oh, the Hall we've built!

TOWN.

Down, down, down, derry down!
The Hall shall be called by the name of the Town;
Despite casting votes and Ald. Bennett's frown,
Joe Heron, perhaps, may convert William Brown.
Down, down, down, derry down!

White hairs, proverbs say, are to old age a crown,
To your new French pelisse I prefer an old gown,
And the dearly-loved name of time-honoured renown
We'll preserve for the Hall we have built for the town.
Down, down, down, derry down!

MISS NEILSON.

IF we may judge from the crowded houses which have been attracted to the Prince's Theatre this week, there can be no greater mistake than to say that Shakspere spells ruin to managers. There has been no more oppressive summer night in the dog days than was Monday, and the house was crowded from floor to ceiling to witness "Romeo and Juliet." On Tuesday, "As You Like It" drew an almost equally well-filled house, and the repetition of "Romeo and Juliet" on Wednesday was again a success. No doubt the occasion of Miss Neilson's reappearance in Manchester was full of interest. It is nearly two years since she last played at the Prince's, and much has happened since then. There was even some talk abroad that Miss Neilson's reception on Monday night might be more lively than agreeable. Nothing could have been more ill-advised, more unmannerly, or more painful than to have created a scene in the house on such an occasion; and it was inconceivable that any such scheme, however hotly advocated by virtuous club-men over their cups, could ever have been carried into execution in cold blood. As the event proved, the public of Manchester, adhering to the rule of judging an actress on her merits, awarded her a most cordial reception, and the repetition of applause on every suitable opportunity as the play proceeded, together with the excellent houses she has since drawn, proved that she has lost nothing of her hold on the admiration of our local play-

goers as a theatrical favourite. For there can be no shirking the fact that the success of the present engagement is due to Miss Neilson almost, if not altogether, solely. The company which supports her, though respectable, is essentially mediocre in quality, and though, as a matter to be taken for granted, the pieces have been adequately mounted, there has been no attempt at special attractiveness in the spectacle, such as we have been accustomed to in the Shaksperean revivals with which the name of the house has been identified.

The question then arises, is Miss Neilson a great actress? It will be pretty generally admitted, we believe, even by her most enthusiastic, and certainly by her most appreciative admirers, that she cannot claim rank among the primary stars of the theatrical firmament. Still, if not the greatest, she must be held among the first Shaksperean tragediennes of her day. She possesses many physical advantages—personal beauty, a figure handsome and more than common tall, an expressive face, and a liquid, eloquent eye, that can read and tell much that is passing within and without her. She was trained in the sound if somewhat stiff school of Mr. John Ryder, and is—we had almost said therefore—an excellent elocutionist. Her voice is musical, flexible, and capable of fine modulation, though marred occasionally by a thick and slightly sibilant sound, which is unpleasant. There is also at times noticeable a peculiar Methodistical drawl in her voice, not altogether unconscious, we suspect, as if she were taking off some canting professor. But these slight drawbacks apart, it is impossible to doubt for a moment the excellence of Miss Neilson's acting. Her Juliet, for example, is a finely-balanced and well-sustained conception of the part. The impressionable nature of the passionate South, the implicit trust and entire self-surrender of a first girlish love which, opposed and pent up, bursts at once into the full glory and strength of womanhood, the doubts and questionings that afterwards come, the almost maniacal fury of the Bedchamber scene, and the tragic agony of the last act of all, are all intelligently and forcibly realised. The same may be said of her Rosalind. With the exception of some bits of bye-play which Miss Neilson has recently introduced, and had better abandon—such as the sort of "cuddling" action with which she occasionally rubs her drooping head against Orlando's shoulder, or the ballet-girlish half-kick with her left leg in a similar situation, which greatly detract from the dignity of the performance—her Rosalind is the traditional Rosalind—arch, merry, and pensive by turns, bold in the conception of madeap exploits, still feminine in the execution of them, prompt and decisive, almost shrewish in her rebukes of the heartless flirt Phoebe—love sick to the verge of faintness in her own business—a fine and harmonious combination of artfulness and singleness of nature. The performance is charming, graceful, pretty in the extreme—almost unexceptionable. Yet we confess to some sympathy with him who said that, though on the whole pleased, he was a trifle bored with "As You Like It," on Tuesday night, and even with Rosalind. There is an indefinable something—an essence that cannot be fixed—yet an essential that we miss from Miss Neilson's acting, and for the lack of which her performance fails to be permanently impressive, or even to fix and enthrall attention

So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start, for life is wanting there.

The poetic insight, and the genius of expression which invested the Siddons with a power that compelled the house to rise at her, are awanting. We see a beautiful and well-graced actress fill the stage and are pleased, and we do not wonder that crowds flock to see her. But our critical estimate of her power is not increased by repetition, and though she may long continue her popularity as a Shaksperean actress, we scarcely anticipate that she will ever greatly increase her fame.

THE CITY SHIBBOLETH.—We understand that the Jews and Welshmen have pronounced against the adoption of the title "City" Hall, on the ground that they can't get their mouths round it with satisfaction in polite society.

MR. HIGGIN ON THE LIBERTY OF THE BAR.

MR. HIGGIN, Q.C., the chairman of the Salford Hundred Sessions, has thought it necessary to administer a rebuke to certain counsel for the manner in which a prosecution was conducted before him. "Mr. Higgin on the Liberty of the Bar" is the heading of the report in the newspapers. We venture to think that it would have been more apropos if it had been, "Mr. Higgin on the License of the Bar." Unquestionably a spirit of license is creeping into practice in our assize and sessions courts, which is both undignified and unworthy of the profession of the law. Day by day witnesses are treated with the utmost harshness, questions are asked of the most irrelevant character, and insinuations are made which are not allowed to be rebutted, and this too often by counsel of long standing, and with large practices. Not the least unpleasant part of this spirit of license is the constant scenes between counsel and bench in court. Mr. Higgin has more than once drawn attention to this growing evil, and if his timely remarks have any good effect on a few members of the Manchester Bar—for far be it from us to say that the Bar generally is tarred with the same brush—the public may indeed be thankful.

A NEW MODE OF MAKING MEN SOBER.

THE judge of the Bradford county court, like most other Yorkshiremen, has a somewhat grim sense of humour. In trying a case, a few days ago, it turned out that both the plaintiff and defendant were drunk. The judge, no doubt thinking this was a favourable opportunity of airing his views, at once proceeded to develop his new mode of making men sober. He thinks "the best plan to cure drunkenness would be to get an act of parliament passed compelling every man to get drunk, for if that were so love of disobedience to the law would make men sober. Such a law was not without precedent, because in Sparta they compelled people to get drunk in order to show their children what beasts they were, and so avoid the position themselves." Well, we are not going to contend that this might not, after all, be the best mode of curing the unquestioned amount of public drunkenness which exists in England; but there is one difficulty in the way. The law applies, of course, equally to everybody, and what is law for the rich would also be law for the poor. How could the law, however, be said to be applied equally unless, if such an act of parliament was passed, its provisions were not occasionally tried upon, say, a few of the leading men of Bradford—mind you, just in the way of example—for the benefit of the general community.

THE HOME RULERS.

THE Home Rulers in Dublin have just been holding a demonstration pretty much after the style of Donnybrook fair. No end of heads were cracked; and, in Manchester, we ought to be truly thankful that the contingent which was sent over from this city has arrived safely back. At the banquet given to welcome the English and Scotch delegates, Mr. Butt presided, and the evening must have been particularly jovial. In the midst of the fun a rat was unearthed—in the shape of a detective, who somehow or other had got into the room. From private sources we learn that Mr. Butt and his companions were frightfully indignant at their privacy being rudely interrupted, and threats of all sorts were held out against the intruder. Ultimately it was agreed by the company that they should allow him to remain on condition that he drank the same quantity of Irish whiskey as the Home Rulers themselves. Then the fun got fast and furious. Mr. Mitchell Henry did an Irish clog-dance; Mr. Butt sang, "The Night Larry was Stretched;" and Major O'Gorman, "The Tight Little Island;" and everybody apparently felt a little tight, too, as well as the island. The Home Rulers, finding that the detective's head was harder than their own, had him hustled out of the room, and Mr. Butt is going to ask in the House of Commons by what authority he was sent there.

A SUDDEN CONVARSION.

SCENE.—Outskirts of crowd at Abbey Hey Grounds. Time, five o'clock, Saturday afternoon. Platform in distance, on which are Cardinal Manning, the Bishop of Salford, Canon Kershaw, and other Church dignitaries. Crowd holding up their hands, and shouting.

Mickey Maloney [loquitur]. Now, Barney, what is it you're after doing?

Barney O'Toole. Sure, it's helpin' to carry a vote o' thanks to his Imminence the Cardinal, I am. Doesn't he deserve it, now?

Mickey. Nothin' of the sort. Ye've taken the plidge to abstain from all intoxicatin' drinks, and ye've got the Archbishop's blessin' upon it.

Barney. Arrah, be aisy, sure. Don't be jokin'.

Mickey. No joke about it. Ye're a Crusader, be jabers, and must never dhrink more.

Barney. Oh, wirrasthrue! an' what's to be done with the ould grey beard that I filled with good potheen last pay-night. Sure, now, an' I had invited Pat O'Callaghan and Dan'l O'Rourke to come over o' Sunday to ate a flowry potato, and help me to finish it. An' now I must just look on an' see the boys enjoyin' themselves, an' dhrinkin' my health and convarsion out o' my own good spirits, an' never say a word.

Mickey. No, you must "use your best endayvors to convart them."

Barney. Divil a use thryin' to convart them till the jar's empty. How I wish now that to-morrow had been yester'day.

[Barney is led off to the dancing platform, where he is adjudged the best jig-dancer, and gets never a drop to drink his Reverence's health.]

NEW-FANGLED NAMES.

IN keeping with the decision of the Council, by the casting vote of the Mayor, to call the Town Hall "City" Hall, we observe that the same new-fangled system of nomenclature will be extended to other parts of the building. For example, the fiddler's loft in the public hall is described in an interesting descriptive article on the building, published in the *Examiner and Times*, as the Minstrel's Gallery. We venture to offer the following suggestions for the next meeting of the Council:—

That the Press Gallery be named the Reporter's Roost.

That the Hall-keeper's Stall shall be called Ward's Watch.

That the Nuisance Committee shall henceforth be entitled the Department for the Removal of Superfluous Excrescences from the City Highways.

That the Waterworks shall be re-baptised the Aqueous Fluid Supply System.

That the Town Clerk shall be dubbed the Chief Scribe of the City.

That the Mayor be elevated to the dignity of *Dictator Infallibilis*.

NOVELTY IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

IN no branch of art has there recently been made such rapid strides as in photography, and every novelty and improvement has been in the direction of increased beauty and truth to nature. Mr. Warwick Brookes, of this city, with whose splendidly finished productions many of our readers must be familiar, has forwarded to us a number of specimens of a new style in portraiture, which mark another distinct advance in the art. The portrait appears enshrined in an elegant frame, supported by devices emblematic of the profession or employment of the sitter; and in the specimens submitted to us, which are those of painters, actors, and vocalists, there are displayed, as if on the mantelpiece over which the portrait is hung, other appropriate emblematic devices. The effect is very pleasing and artistic, and the novelty, while guided by an excellent taste, is an immense improvement on the bald vignettes and bare staring full-lengths which have hitherto, by their sameness and conventionality, made our albums too often a weariness to visitors and ourselves.

A PRANCING PATROLLER.

THE Salford Watch Committee have ingeniously devised a new street obstruction, to the great discomfiture of the Pendleton omnibus drivers. He takes the form of a mounted policeman, and is elevated on a prancing steed which has evidently had the advantage of a good circus training. The other morning this animal (we mean the horse, for upon his back the rider was a cypher) shunted out of a side street in the Crescent, and after a series of diverting carouses deliberately galloped round an omnibus. Why should the street boys especially delight in the spectacle of a bobby on horseback?

A TRUE POET.

THE Macclesfield Courier has found out a true poet. It tells us that, the other day, a local tradesman received the following from one of his workmen, who left his employment in consequence of some misunderstanding with his fellow-labourers :—

Please this notice take,
I'm going to leave, and no mistake;
Provisions is high, wages is low,
And from your service I'm bound to go.

Whether from admiration for the author's rhyming ability or his general industry we know not, but the employer, after making inquiries into the matter, induced the man to resume his labours. If the poet doesn't find provisions pay him better, we'll be glad to give him a place on our staff.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

AN exciting Irish sensation drama, entitled, "Shamus Na Gianna; or, the Speidhorr," is occupying the boards at the Queen's Theatre this week. The drama is obviously enough founded on the lines of Boucicault's well-known plays, but is relieved from the suspicion of mere imitation, so far at least as the dialogue is concerned, by the easy, genuine Irish

humour of Mr. Barry Aylmer, one of the joint authors of the piece, and apparently the partner responsible for the comic business of the piece. Mr. Aylmer is one of the most natural and racy Irish actors we have recently seen in Manchester, and his occasional soliloquies, as well as his smart repartee, are irresistibly funny and heartily enjoyable.

TO OUR READERS.

Many complaints having reached us, from the suburbs of Manchester and Salford, that the CITY JACKDAW cannot be obtained early on Friday, we beg to say that copies of the paper will be posted to any address, on THURSDAY EVENINGS, on the following prepaid terms :—Quarterly, 1s. 8d.; Half-yearly, 3s. 8d.; Yearly, 6s. 6d. BACK NUMBERS can be had from the Wholesale Agents.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*, Market Street Chambers, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender. We cannot be responsible for the preservation or return of MSS. sent to us.

Not Discouraged.—We should be sorry to discourage such a liberal contributor of postage stamps. Go on by all means.

In Search of Consolation, W. W.—Whatever the waste-paper basket can do in that direction you may count upon.

Timely Suggestions, C. W.—It is a pity that there was no one by to do for you what you wish to do for others, you would then have saved twopence.

The Bishop's Last, H. M.—We do not permit outsiders to handle such topics.

Mr. Bravo, a Lunatic.—A clever suggestion. There is nothing like setting a thief to catch a thief; but it doesn't matter to us whether he was or not.

Occasional Rhymes, J. H.—The worst of it is they are only occasional. "Affection," for instance, does not rhyme with "emotion," nor "soul" with "brave."

Local Trumpery.—Local trumpery.

A Salford Man.—A man by any other name could equally well have produced food for the waste-paper basket.

Obstructions in Victoria Street.—We cannot undertake to correct your bad grammar, as you suggest.

The Atrocities in Bulgaria.—The atrocities committed by you, in what you are pleased to call verse, are not calculated to arouse sympathy for the victims of those you allude to.

SERVIAN REFUGEES!

A COLLECTION OF WARM CLOTHING STUFFS

Is being made in Manchester to be sent to Dr. Humphrey Sandwith, C.B., at Belgrade, for the benefit of the destitute and starving fugitives, old men, women, and children, of the Slavonic Provinces.

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